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A TRANSVESTITE MARRIAGE

BY ANDREA DORIA

VOLUME ONE: JIM BECOMES SUSAN

I MARRIED JIM, I SUPPOSE, LARGELY OUT OF A FEELING THAT I OUGHT TO GET MARRIED, RATHER THAN IN THE CAUSE OF TRUE LOVE. AFTER ALL, MY FRIENDS WERE ALL MARRIED OR GETTING MARRIED. JIM WAS A NICE BOY, NOT THE HE-MAN TYPE BY ANY MEANS, RATHER SHY BUT THOUGHTFUL AND CONSIDERATE. AND WE DID SHARE SEVERAL INTERESTS SUCH AS SAILING AND HORSEBACK RIDING.

ALSO I HAD TO ADMIT THAT I WAS NOT ALL THAT ATTRACTIVE TO MEN. I WAS QUITE TALL, RATHER FLAT-CHESTED WITH SHORT BLONDE HAIR, AND WAS VERY MUCH A TOMBOY. CONSEQUENTLY, I DID NOT TURN MANY HEADS AND WAS QUITE GLAD AND FLATTERED BY THE ATTENTIONS JIM PAID TO ME.

I WORKED AS A TRAINEE NURSE AT A LARGE SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL AT THE TIME, WHILE JIM WORKED AS AN ASSISTANT ACCOUNTANT.

WE WERE MARRIED IN 1956 AFTER WE HAD KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR ABOUT A YEAR. HE WAS NINETEEN AT THE TIME, WHILE I WAS NEARLY TWO YEARS OLDER.

I MUST CONFESS THAT WE WERE BOTH RATHER IGNORANT OF SEXUAL MATTERS. THIS MIGHT SEEM STRANGE IN OUR MORE PROMISCUOUS TIMES, BUT OUR COURTING HAD BEEN CONFINED TO KISSING AND LIGHT PETTING, AND I HAD NO DESIRE TO GO FURTHER. JIM, FOR HIS PART, WAS TOO MUCH OF A GENTLEMAN TO ASK ME TO DO MORE THAN THIS.

SO WE WERE MARRIED ON A GLORIOUS JUNE DAY. WE SPENT OUR HONEYMOON IN OUR OWN HOME, A GORGEOUS, SECLUDED COTTAGE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL VILLAGE NEAR SOUTHAMPTON. IN SOME WAYS IT WAS HEAVEN. BY DAY WE WOULD GALLOP OUR HORSES THROUGH THE FOREST OR SAILED JIM'S LITTLE DINGHY ON THE BAY.

BUT IT WAS IN OUR INTIMATE RELATIONSHIP THAT WE FAILED. EITHER JIM WAS IMPOTENT OR ELSE I WAS TOTALLY UNABLE TO AROUSE HIM. AS THE NIGHTS DRAGGED ON, OUR MUTUAL INADEQUACY BECAME MORE AND MORE APPARENT. INDEED, WHEN OUR SO-CALLED HONEYMOON WAS OVER AND IT WAS TIME TO RETURN THE WORKADAY WORLD, OUR MARRIAGE HAD NOT YET BEEN CONSUMMATED.

THIS WAS A SAD PERIOD BECAUSE OTHERWISE WE SEEMED SO WELL-MATCHED IN TEMPERAMENT AND INTERESTS. I BLAMED MYSELF; PERHAPS I

SHOULD DO MORE TO EXCITE JIM. HE LIKED LONG HAIR IN GIRLS, LIKE MOST MEN, AND TO PLEASE HIM I BEGAN TO LET IT GROW LONGER, ALTHOUGH THE FUSS AND BOTHER OF LOOKING AFTER IT NEARLY DROVE ME MAD.

PREVIOUSLY I HAD NEVER BEEN MUCH WORRIED ABOUT MY RATHER FLAT FIGURE BECAUSE IT WAS SO MUCH EASIER TO LIVE WITH THAN A FULL FEMININE BODY, AND I LIKED IT THAT WAY IN THE OLD DAYS. NOW I BEGAN TO ENVY THE VERY GIRLISH GIRLS AND BEGAN TO RESORT TO THE JUDICIOUS USE OF FALSIES AND OTHER AIDS TO TRY TO EXCITE MY HUSBAND.

IT WAS ALL TO NO AVAIL; HOWEVER HARD I TRIED TO ENTICE HIM AND HOWEVER HARD HE ATTEMPTED TO AROUSE HIMSELF, THE RESULTS WERE TOTAL FAILURE..

ONE NIGHT AFTER WE HAD BEEN MARRIED FOR ABOUT TEN MONTHS, I WAS SITTING IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR, CLAD IN A FROTHY PINK NIGHTGOWN AND NEGLIGEE, GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF PUTTING MY WRETCHED LONG HAIR UP IN CURLERS. FOR ALL THE GOOD IT HAD DONE ME, I MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE HAD IT CUT COMFORTABLY SHORT AGAIN. BEHIND ME, JIM WAS SILENTLY UNDRESSING, PREPARING TO PUT HIS PAJAMAS ON. SUDDENLY, A THOUGHT CROSSED MY MIND. I MULLED IT OVER FOR A MOMENT, THEN DECIDED ... WHY NOT?

"DARLING," I SAID, "I'VE JUST HAD AN IDEA. WILL YOU DO SOMETHING FOR ME?.

THERE WAS A CREAK OF SPRINGS AS JIM SAT DOWN ON THE BED.

"WHAT IT IS, JANE?" HE INQUIRED.

"DARLING, OUR MARRIAGE IS A DISASTER, SEXUALLY SPEAKING. YOU KNOW IT AS WELL AS I DO. THE TROUBLE IS, I'M NOT THE GIRLY TYPE OF GIRL AT HEART. THIS LONG HAIR, PRETTY NIGHT DRESS ... WELL, I JUST DON'T FEEL AT ALL NATURAL. AS FOR YOU, YOU'RE TOO ... TOO PASSIVE. WELL, I MEAN YOU HAVEN'T GOT AN OUNCE OF MASCULINE AGGRESSIVENESS IN YOU, HOWEVER HARD I TRY TO AROUSE YOU.

"I WANT US A TO TRY A VERY RADICAL CHANGE IN OUR RELATIONSHIP. COME OVER HERE!" I SAID.

I GOT UP AND STOOD AND FACED HIM AS HE WALKED HESITANTLY ACROSS THE FLOOR. AS WE STOOD CLOSE TO EACH OTHER, FACE TO FACE, I SURVEYED HIM STEADILY. HIS SLIGHT BUILD AND LACK OF BEARD WOULD CERTAINLY ASSIST MY SCHEME. SMILING, I KISSED HIM, CARESSED HIS FACE, THEN SLOWLY UNDID HIS PAJAMA JACKET, PEELING IT OFF HIM AND LAYING IT ON THE BED.

"JANE, WHAT THE HELL .... ?"

I LAID A FINGER ON HIS LIPS TO SILENCE HIM, UNBUTTONED HIS TROUSERS, PULLED THEM DOWN TO HIS ANKLES, AND MADE HIM STEP OUT OF THEM.

JIM BLUSHED, STANDING THERE NAKED IN FRONT OF ME. QUICKLY, I SLIPPED MY NEGLIGEE AND NIGHTDRESS OFF, AND, BEFORE HE COULD PROTEST, I DONNED HIS PAJAMAS. THEN, PICKING UP MY DISCARDED NIGHTIE, I HELD IT IN FRONT OF MY SPEECHLESS, BLUSHING HUSBAND.

"DARLING," I WHISPERED, "I THINK THAT NATURE GOT US ALL MUDDLED UP. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE MAN, AND YOU THE WOMAN. TONIGHT, WE'RE GOING TO REVERSE OUR ROLES AND SEE IF OUR EMOTIONS RESPOND. I'M GOING TO COSSET AND CARESS YOU IN THIS LOVELY PINK NIGHTIE, BUT FIRST WE MUST ALTER YOUR SHAPE A LITTLE!"

JIM HAD NOT UTTERED A WORD, BUT I FELT HIS BODY TREMBLE A LITTLE AS I TOOK HIS HAND AND FIRMLY LED HIM TO THE CHEST OF DRAWERS BY THE BED.

I EXTRACTED ONE OF MY VERY LACIEST BRASSIERES AND HELD IT IN FRONT OF HIM. TWEAKING HIS NIPPLES PLAYFULLY, I STOOD BEHIND HIM AND DREW THE SHOULDER STRAPS OVER HIS ARMS.

"OH, DEAR, YOU ARE A FLAT-CHESTED GIRL," I WHISPERED IN HIS EAR, AS I GENTLY

STROKING HIS BODY, "LET'S SEE IF WE CAN IMPROVE YOU A LITTLE."

FROM THE DRAWER I EXTRACTED THE FALSIES I HAD PURCHASED FOR MYSELF IN MY ATTEMPTS TO BE MORE FEMININE. THEY WERE A PERFECT SIMULATION OF A WOMAN'S BREAST IN WEIGHT AND FEEL, AS WELL AS IN SHAPE, BEING DESIGNED FOR WOMEN WHO HAD HAD TO UNDERGO BREAST REMOVAL FOR MEDICAL REASONS.

SWIFTLY, I POPPED A FALSIE INTO EACH CUP, SAVORING THE PLEASURE OF BEING ABLE TO FONDLE HIS NEW MOUNDS. HOW BEAUTIFULLY FULL AND BOUNCY THEY FELT!

I SPUN HIM AROUND TO FACE ME AGAIN, PULLING HIM TO ME, CRUSHING HIS BIG BREASTS AGAINST MY PAJAMA TOP, LIGHTLY FINGERING THE SHOULDER STRAPS AND FASTENINGS OF HIS BRASSIERE.

"THERE NOW, DARLING, AREN'T WE A LOVELY GIRL?" I WHISPERED.

WITH HIS EYES CLOSED, A MOAN ESCAPED HIS LIPS AND HE WRIGGLED CLOSER TO ME. "HOLD ME TIGHT, JANE," HE SAID, SOFTLY GOING LIMP IN MY ARMS.

"NO, DEAR," I DECLARED, GENTLY PUSHING HIM CLEAR OF ME. "NOT '<u>JANE</u>' WHEN I AM DRESSED LIKE THIS. MY NAME IS '<u>HOWARD</u>' AND

I WEAR THE PANTS AROUND HERE. DON'T YOU FORGET IT! YOU ARE MY WIFE 'SUSAN.'" I INSISTED. "NOW THEN, PUT YOUR NIGHTIE ON LIKE A GOOD GIRL, SUSAN!"

HE SAT ON THE BED, EYES DOWNCAST, BLUSHING FURIOUSLY.

"NOW, DONT BE NAUGHTY, DARLING. YOU KNOW YOU REALLY ARE A GIRL AT HEART. HERE ... LET ME HELP YOU," I SAID.

I PICKED UP THE NIGHTIE, AND, GATHERING UP ITS FOLDS, PUT IT OVER HIS HEAD. JIM MADE NO OBJECTION, AND ALLOWED ME TO GUIDE EACH ARM INTO THE SLEEVES. RAISING HIM TO HIS FEET, I PULLED THE NIGHTDRESS INTO PLACE OVER HIS BODY.

THRILLED BY THE EFFECT OF HIS BUST IN THE TIGHT BODICE AND THE FRILLED HEMS BRUSHING ABOUT HIS ANKLES, JIM TREMBLED AND BLUSHED. "OH, IT FEELS SO STRANGE," HE MURMURED, WRIGGLING HIS BODY IN ECSTASY. "HOLD ME TIGHT, DARLING."

JIM FELL INTO MY ARMS AGAIN, AND I GRIPPED HIS SLENDER BODY IN A PASSIONATE, POWERFUL EMBRACE AS I UNLEASHED MY PENT-UP EMOTIONS. I THRILLED TO THE FEEL OF HIS PLUMP, ROUNDED CHEST CRUSHED AGAINST ME; THE SENSE OF SUPERIORITY OVER THIS SOFT,

FEMININE CREATURE. MY LIPS SOUGHT HIS; I PRESSED HIS MOUTH TO MINE, FORCING MY TONGUE BETWEEN HIS LIPS.

HE RESISTED MOMENTARILY, THEN WITH A LITTLE GASP, HE LET ME HAVE MY WAY, GIVING LITTLE MOANS OF PLEASURE AT MY TECHNIQUE. IT WAS WORKING BETTER THAN I HAD EVER DREAMED.

I COULD FEEL HIS NIGHTIE RISING SPONTANEOUSLY BETWEEN HIS LEGS, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OUR MARRIAGE, MY HUSBAND HAD BEEN AROUSED. FIERCELY, I PUSHED HIM ONTO THE BED, KICKED MY PAJAMAS OFF, PULLED THE NIGHTDRESS UP AROUND HIS WAIST, AND FELL UPON HIM.

I WILL REMEMBER THE ECSTASY OF THAT MOMENT TO MY DYING DAY. IT WAS AS IF THE PREVIOUS MONTHS OF FRUSTRATION HAD FALLEN AWAY. WHERE THERE HAD BEEN TENSION AND UNEASE, THERE WAS NOW A GREAT HAPPINESS AND SENSE OF FULFILLMENT.

TIME AND AGAIN WE MADE FIERCE PASSIONATE LOVE UNTIL OUR BODIES WERE SATED WITH EACH OTHER. NOW THE ARTIFICIAL BARRIERS OF "WOMANLY" BEHAVIOUR AND "MASCULINE" BEHAVIOUR HAD BEEN TORN DOWN. WE WERE FREE TO FIND OURSELVES.

HIS GENTLE NATURE YIELDED BEFORE MY DOMINATING DISPOSITION, AND THE CHANGE OF

CLOTHING GAVE US THE FREEDOM TO CAST OFF OUR INHIBITIONS AND ACT IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR INNER DESIRES.

FINALLY, EXHAUSTED, WE FELL INTO A BLISSFUL SLEEP, LOCKED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.

WHEN I WOKE IN THE MORNING, THE SUN WAS ALREADY SHINING STRONGLY INTO THE ROOM, AND I LAY AWHILE SAVORING THE PLEASANT FEEL OF MY PAJAMAS AND GAZING AT THE DELICIOUS SPECTACLE OF MY HUSBAND SLEEPING BLISSFULLY IN HIS PINK NIGHTIE.

I COULDN'T RESIST FONDLING HIS NEW MAMMARY EQUIPMENT UNTIL EVENTUALLY HE BEGAN TO STIR AND FINALLY WAKENED. AS I HAD HALF-EXPECTED, HIS FIRST REACTION WAS TO SHAME-FACEDLY STRUGGLE INTO A SITTING POSITION.

"HELP ME TO GET THIS OFF, JANE," HE SAID, TRYING TO STRUGGLE OUT OF THE NIGHTIE WHILE A CRIMSON FLUSH SPREAD ACROSS HIS FACE. "LET ME HAVE MY PAJAMAS BACK!"

"JANE? JANE?" I COUNTERED TEASINGLY, "I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY NAMED JANE AROUND HERE. MY NAME IS HOWARD, SUSAN, AND YOU'RE NOT GETTING MY PAJAMAS, MY GIRL. ... NOW, THEN, A GOOD WIFE BRINGS HER HUSBAND A CUP OF COFFEE IN BED IN THE MORNING, SO OFF YOU GO! HERE, PUT THESE ON!"

SWIFTLY, I LEAPT OUT OF BED AND FROM

MY WARDROBE I PRODUCED A LONG QUILTED NYLON HOUSECOAT IN PINK WITH WHITE LACE TRIM TO MATCH THE NIGHTIE, AND A PAIR OF HIGH-HEELED MULES WITH PINK POMPOMS ON THE TOES.

I PEELED THE BEDCLOTHES BACK TO FULLY EXPOSE MY HUSBAND, PULLED HIM TO HIS FEET, AND FORCED THE MULES ON HIM. HE STAGGERED WILDLY AS WELL HE MIGHT TO PRESERVE HIS BALANCE IN THEM. HE SILENTLY YIELDED TO HAVING ME PUT THE HOUSECOAT ON HIM AND I BUTTONED IT OVER HIS CHEST.

"NOW, SUE, YOU MAKE A PRETTY GOOD GIRL IN BED BUT LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MASTER SOME OF A WIFE'S DOMESTIC DUTIES. BRING IN A NICE MORNING JUG OF COFFEE, NEATLY LAID OUT ON A TRAY, WITH THE SUGAR AND MILK AND CUPS. DO IT TASTEFULLY NOW, AS I WANT YOU TO LEARN NEATNESS. ... NOW, OFF YOU GO!"

I GAVE MY HUSBAND A PLAYFUL PAT ON THE FANNY, AND FROM THE EXCITED LOOK IN HIS EYE AND THE AGITATED HEAVING OF HIS BOSOM, I KNEW HE WOULD COMPLY WITH MY REQUEST WITHOUT AN ARGUMENT. I SMILED TO MYSELF AS HE BLURTED, "OH ... OH ... ALL RIGHT, JA-, I MEAN HOWARD. I'LL DO THIS ONCE. ... OH, I CAN'T WALK IN THESE THINGS. WHERE ARE MY SLIPPERS?"

"NO SLIPPERS FOR YOU, SUSAN. YOU WILL SOON LEARN TO WALK IN HEELS. YOU LOOK VERY GRACEFUL, YOU KNOW, DARLING!"

LAUGHING, I WATCHED AS HE MINCED HIS WAY ACROSS THE FLOOR AND OUT INTO THE KITCHEN.

LYING COMFORTABLY BACK IN BED, LISTENING TO THE WELCOME CLINK OF CHINA AS MY BREAKFAST WAS BEING PREPARED, I THOUGHT HOW PLEASANT OUR LIVES WERE GOING TO BE IN THE FUTURE.

SOON JIM WAS BACK WITH THE COFFEE, AND I NOTED WITH APPROVAL HOW NEATLY THE TRAY WAS LAID. PREVIOUSLY, EVEN IF I HAD GOTTEN MORNING COFFEE BROUGHT TO ME, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SLAPPED DOWN IN FRONT OF ME IN A CHIPPED MUG WITH A "TAKE-IT-OR-LEAVE-IT" ATTITUDE.

I BECKONED HIM TO GET BACK IN BED WITH ME, AND HE DID SO, MAKING A MOST ATTRACTIVE FIGURE AS HE SAT UP SIPPING HIS COFFEE. I COULDN'T HELP BUT SMILE AS I NOTICED HOW HIS FOREARMS TOUCHED HIS FULL BODICE WHENEVER HE RAISED THE CUP TO HIS LIPS.

"DOES IT FEEL NICE TO BE A PRETTY GIRL, SUE," I ASKED HIM TEASINGLY. "IT CAN'T BE THAT BAD, BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN WEARING A BRASSIERE FOR TEN HOURS NOW AND HAVEN'T COMPLAINED ONCE. I THINK YOU WOULD REALLY LIKE TO BE A GIRL, YOU KNOW."

"DON'T BE SILLY," JIM MUTTERED, USING

A MOST UNCONVINCING TONE OF VOICE. "ANYWAY, I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS TING OFF, NOW. IT'S GETTING LATE, AND I WANT TO BE OFF TO THE OFFICE." HE MADE A MOVE TO PULL THE NIGHTIE OVER HIS HEAD, BUT I QUICKLY GRABBED HIS WRISTS.

"NOT YET, SUSAN," I SAID, SMILING AT HIS CONSTERNATION. "REMEMBER, I WEAR THE PANTS AT THE MOMENT, AND YOU WILL STAY IN YOUR PRETTY NIGHTIE AND BRASSIERE FOR A WHILE LONGER. YOU WON'T BE LATE FOR WORK, I PROMISE YOU. WE'VE A LOT OF LOST TIME TO MAKE UP, DARLING!"

STILL HOLDING HIS WRISTS SECURELY, I PULLED HIM ONTO THE BED AND FLUNG MYSELF ACROSS HIM, OVERPOWERING HIS FEVERISH STRUGGLES WITH EASE. I STRADDLED HIS WRITHING BODY AND BEGAN TO PLAY WITH HIS BREASTS, STROKING THEM AND KISSING THEM UNTIL I DROVE HIM MAD.

"YOU BEAST! YOU BEAST!" HE SOBBED, STRUGGLING TO PULL HIS WRISTS FREE. "LET ME GO, DO YOU HEAR? LET ME GO!"

IT WAS WONDERFUL TO FEEL HOW EASILY I COULD PHYSICALLY MASTER HIM, AND I COULD NOT RESIST TEASING HIM FURTHER.

"WHAT A PRETTY GIRL I MARRIED!" I MUSED ALOUD. "SHE LOOKS SO VERY LOVELY WHEN

SHE'S ANGRY. LET ME KISS YOU, DARLING," I COOED AT HIM SWEETLY.

HE TURNED HIS HEAD AWAY, BUT A SHARP SLAP ON HIS BOTTOM MADE HIM SQUEAL WITH PAIN.

"STOP IT! ... STOP IT!" HE CRIED AS HE BURIED HIS FACE IN THE PILLOW IN SHAME AND CHAGRIN.

"I'LL STOP IT WHEN YOU KISS ME, SUSAN DEAR," I SAID.

"NO."

"YES."

"NO!"

"YES!"

SLAP-SLAP WENT MY HAND ON HIS BOTTOM.

"OW! ... DON'T! ... OW! ... YOU'RE HURTING ME!" HE PROTESTED.

EVENTUALLY, WITH A SOB HE TURNED TO ME AND LET ME KISS HIM PASSIONATELY. HE DESISTED FROM FIGHTING ME AND HIS BODY FIRST WENT LIMP AND COMPLIANT IN MY ARMS, THEN BEGAN TO WRIGGLE ECSTATICALLY AS I ROUSED HIM TO FEVER PITCH ONCE MORE.

FIVE MINUTES LATER, OUR PASSIONS AGAIN SPENT, I RELENTED, KISSING HIM GENTLY, AND HELPED HIM REMOVE HIS NIGHTIE AND BRASSIERE AND LEFT HIM TO DRESS FOR THE OFFICE.

I COULDN'T HELP BUT LAUGH WHEN JIM CAME DOWNSTAIRS TO BREAKFAST, BECAUSE HE COULD BARELY MEET MY EYES AND BLUSHED FURIOUSLY WHEN I ASKED HIM IF HE WOULDN'T LIKE TO WEAR A PAIR OF MY PANTIES TO WORK.

AFTER BREAKFAST, WHEN HE HAD DEPARTED, I SAT WONDERING HOW TO CAPITALIZE ON THE SITUATION. I WAS FULLY RESOLVED TO PRESS HIM TO WEAR WOMEN'S ATTIRE IN BED AT ALL TIMES AND TO GRADUALLY BREAK HIM INTO WEARING GIRL'S ATTIRE AROUND THE HOUSE ON OTHER OCCASIONS. BUT I WAS ALSO RESOLVED NOT TO PUSH HIM TOO FAST IN CASE HE KICKED OVER THE TRACES. NO, IT WAS DEFINITELY A CASE OF MAKING HASTE SLOWLY.

LEISURELY, I WENT BACK UPSTAIRS, REMOVED MY DRESSING GOWN AND PAJAMAS AND PULLED MY UNIFORM ON IN PREPARATION FOR GOING ON DUTY. AS I STRUGGLED TO PIN MY LONG HAIR UP UNDER MY NURSE'S CAP, AN IDEA STRUCK ME AND KEPT ME SMILING. WHAT, OH WHAT WOULD HE HAVE SAID IF HE KNEW THE SCHEME WHICH WAS FORMING IN MY MIND?

THE NEXT FOUR EVENINGS WERE PASSED IN VERY MUCH THE SAME FASHION AS THAT FIRST

MEMORABLE ONE HAD BEEN. WHEN WE WENT TO BED, I WAS ADAMANT THAT WE CHANGED OUR GENDER ROLES — AND WITH THEM OUR CLOTHING — AND DESPITE HIS HALF-HEARTED PROTESTS, HE ALWAYS ALLOWED ME TO HAVE MY WAY. AND I KNEW THAT THE MAGIC WAS WORKING.

WHENEVER I STOOD BEHIND HIM TO PUT HIS BRASSIERE ON HIM, I SENSED THE EXCITEMENT IT CAUSED, AND HE GRADUALLY CAME TO ACCEPT HIS PASSIVE ROLE.

SLOWLY, VERY SLOWLY, I BEGAN TO CLAMP DOWN ON HIM.

ON THURSDAY NIGHTS IT HAD BEEN HIS HABIT TO GO FOR A DRINK AT THE LOCAL PUB, WHILE I USUALLY FOUND MYSELF CATCHING UP ON THE HOUSEWORK. ON THE VERY NEXT THURSDAY, I SUGGESTED THAT HE SHOULD HAVE AN EARLY BATH WHIL I GOT HIS CLOTHES READY.

JIM AGREED, NOT REALIZING WHICH KIND OF CLOTHING I MEANT. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BATH, I ENTERED THE ROOM, CONFISCATED HIS TROUSERS, AND HUNG HIS NIGHTIE, BRASSIERE, AND A LOVELY BRUSHED ORLON DRESSING GOWN ON THE DOOR, WHILE QUICKLY POURING SOME DELICIOUS SCENTED BATH SALTS INTO THE WATER.

"HERE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ... IT'S MY NIGHT OUT WITH THE BOYS. LET ME OUT! ... OW!!"

HIS LAST EXCLAMATION WAS BROUGHT ON BY MY PUSHING HIM DOWN FIRMLY INTO THE SCENTED WATER AS HE TRIED TO RISE.

"YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT WITH BOYS TONIGHT, SUSAN. THERE'S THE SMALL MATTER OF A LOAD OF HOUSEWORK TO COPE WITH, AND I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE LOVE TO A GIRL SMELLING OF BEER AND CIGARETTE SMOKE, DARLING. HURRY UP, NOW, AND DRY YOURSELF, AND I HELP TO DRESS YOU."

TEARS OF MORTIFICATION FORMED IN HIS EYES, BUT JIM SLOWLY CLIMBED OUT OF THE BATH, AS HE REALIZED HOW SWEET HE SMELLED.

SILENTLY HE LET ME PUT THE BRASSIERE ON HIM AND INSERT THE FALSE BREASTS IN THE CUPS. THEN, ANOTHER IDEA OCCURRED TO ME.

"OH, SUE!" I SAID IN MOCK HUMOUR. "JUST LOOK AT YOUR LEGS! HOW CAN YOU LET THEM BE SO UNSIGHTLY? WE MUST GET RID OF THAT HAIR!"

"NO!" HE SHOUTED. "NO, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHAVE MY LEGS! ... OW! LET ME GO! ... OW!"

TWISTING HIS ARM BEHIND HIM IN A FIRM HALF-NELSON, I MARCHED HIM, PROTESTING, INTO THE BEDROOM, ORDERED HIM TO DON HIS NIGHTIE TO MAKE HIM DECENT, THEN MADE HIM

SIT DOWN ON HIS BED. SWIFTLY, I OBTAINED A BOWL OF WATER, TOWEL, SOAP, AND RAZOR, AND, KNEELING IN FRONT OF HIM, I PLACED HIS FEET ON THE TOWEL AND BADE HIM STAND UP AND HOLD HIS LEGS APART AND HOLDING HIS NIGHTIE UP AROUND HIS WAIST.

"NO, PLEASE DON'T! DON'T DO IT, DARLING! ... WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?" JIM CRIED.

I IGNORED HIS OUTBURST AND SOAKED HIS LEGS RIGHT UP TO HIS THIGHS BEFORE STARTING IN WITH THE RAZOR. SOON THE BLACK HAIR WAS POURING OFF HIS LEGS, AND WHEN I HAD FINISHED I WAS ABSOLUTELY THRILLED AT THE SMOOTH, GIRLISH APPEARANCE OF MY HUSBAND'S LEGS.

"THERE ... AREN'T THEY LOVELY, SUSAN?" I ASKED HIM, SHOWING HIM THE EFFECT IN THE MIRROR. "LET'S SEE HOW THEY LOOK IN NYLONS."

I PRODUCED A WHITE SATIN PANTY-GIRDLE WITH SUSPENDERS AND MADE HIM STEP INTO HIM WHILE I DREW IT UP HIS LEGS INTO PLACE OVER HIS BOTTOM, MAKING SURE HE TUCKED HIS ORGAN BACK NEATLY BETWEEN HIS THIGHS SO THAT THERE WAS NO UNSIGHTLY BULGE IN HIS CROTCH.

"OOHH! IT'S SO TIGHT!" HE GROANED, WRIGGLING AROUND TO GET COMFORTABLE. "I CAN'T POSSIBLY WEAR THIS THING FOR LONG."

"YOU'LL GET USED TO IT, HONEY. NOW,

COME ON, LET'S PUT THESE ON," I COMMANDED.

I ROLLED A PAIR OF NYLONS UP HIS LEGS, FASTENED THEIR TOPS FIRMLY TO THE SUSPENDERS. THEN, MAKING HIM STAND IN HIS MULES, I STOOD BACK TO ADMIRE THE EFFECT. THERE WAS JUST NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, HIS NEW LEGS WERE ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS.

THE HEELS FORCED HIM TO ADOPT A FEMININE STANCE, AND THE SHEER NYLONS DID MARVELS FOR HIS HAIRLESS LEGS.

I PULLED THE CUDDLY, SOFT PINK HOUSECOAT OVER HIS HEAD AND ZIPPED IT UP THE BACK, IMPRISONING HIM IN ITS FEMININE WARMTH. THEN I LED HIM, TEETERING ON HIS HEELS, OUT OF THE BEDROOM, INTO THE LIVING ROOM, AND IN THE GLOW OF THE FIRELIGHT, I PULLED HIM ONTO MY LAP, MADE HIM ARRANGE HIS SKIRTS, AND THEN BEGAN TO FONDLE AND CARESS HIM UNTIL HE WAS SQUIRMING IN ECSTASY.

"OH, HOWARD, LET ME TAKE THIS OFF, PLEASE," HE MOANED, TRYING TO WRIGGLE OUT OF HIS PANTY-GIRDLE, WHICH WAS RESTRICTING HIM IN NO UNCERTAIN MANNER BY THEN.

"NO, DARLING," I WHISPERED, PULLING HIS HANDS AWAY. "HE CAN COME OUT TO PLAY LATER IN BED. YOU HAVE SOME WORK TO DO NOW, YOU KNOW. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN TO BEING AN ATTRACTIVE GIRL."

I LED MY RELUCTANT HUSBAND INTO THE KITCHEN, WHERE I HAD SET UP THE IRONING BOARD, ALONG WITH A LOAD OF LAUNDRY TO BE IRONED, INCLUDING A GREAT MANY OF HIS OWN SHIRTS.

"BUT DARLING, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO IRON CLOTHES! ... I CAN'T DO ALL THAT LOT!" HE CRIED.

IGNORING HIS PROTESTS, I SHOWED HIM WHAT TO DO, WARNED HIM NOT TO DAMAGE ANY OF THE GARMENTS, AND LEFT HIM TO HIS CHORES WITH THE PARTING SHOT OF "AND IF YOU DON'T FINISH IN GOOD TIME, SUSAN, IT WILL BE TOO LATE FOR FUN IN BED. SO YOU'D BETTER GET GOING, HONEY!"

SO I LEFT MY PRETTY HUSBAND, DRESSED IN HIS GIRL'S ATTIRE, WITH HIS SIMPLE DOMESTIC TASK. WHAT FUN IT WAS TO RELAX IN AND OLD SHIRT AND JEANS, READING A BOOK, AND SAVORING MY NEWFOUND FREEDOM.

LATER, WHEN HE HAD DUTIFULLY FINISHED HIS WORK, WE WENT TO BED, AND I SUCCEEDED IN AROUSING HIM TO AN ABSOLUTE FEVER OF PASSION BY STRIPPING HIM TO HIS BRA, GIRDLE, AND STOCKINGS, AND ACRESSING HIS LONG SLEEK GIRLISH LEGS THROUGH THEIR NYLON SHEATHS.

FINALLY, WHEN WE WERE FINISHED, I GAVE HIM A FINAL KISS BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP.

"GOODNIGHT, SUSAN. AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU DIDN'T GO TO THE PUB TONIGHT, DARLING?

SURELY, THIS HAS BEEN BETTER THAN BEER AND DARTS WITH THE BOYS ... HASN'T IT?"

A BLISSFUL SIGH WAS HIS ONLY REPLY AS HE ROLLED OVER ON HIS SIDE IN A FLURRY OF PINK LACE AND FELL FAST ASLEEP. SMILING TO MYSELF, I SWITCHED OFF THE LIGHT, AND SNUGGLED DOWN BESIDE MY HUSBAND.

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OUR NEWFOUND HAPPINESS WAS ABOUT TO BE INTERRUPTED. THE FOLLOWING MONDAY, JIM HAD TO LEAVE ON A TWO-WEEK BUSINESS TRIP TO THE CONTINENT, AND I PUT THE PERIOD OF OUR ENFORCED SEPARATION TO GOOD USE.

ON MY FIRST AFTERNOON OFF-DUTY, I MADE AN APPOINTMENT AT THE HAIRDRESSER. I HAD MY LONG HAIR CUT OFF INTO A VERY SHORT, BOYISH STYLE AND ARRANGED FOR MY SHORN LOCKS TO BE MADE UP INTO A WIG IN A PAGE-BOY STYLE. I WAS PROMISED THAT IT WOULD BE READY WITHIN THE WEEK.

NEXT, I VISITED A CORSETIERE AND ARRANGED TO BUY TWO SPECIALLY MADE OLD-FASHIONED BACK-LACING CORSETS IN SATIN WITH BLUE LACE TRIMMING AND A TWENTY-FOUR-INCH WAISTLINE.

I PURCHASED A NICE STRAIGHT SKIRT IN A PALE BLUE MATERIAL. IT WAS THE SORT OF SKIRT I HAD NEVER OWNED AND WOULD NEVER HAVE

WANTED TO WEAR. REMEMBER, THIS WAS THE ERA OF THE HOBBLE-SKIRT, AND I PREFERRED FULL SKIRTS WHICH ALLOWED FREE AND EASY MOVEMENT.

BUT WHEN IT CAME TO TRAINING A MAN TO MOVE IN A GRACEFULLY FEMININE FASHION, THEN THE GARMENT I HAD PURCHASED WAS ESSENTIAL.

FINALLY, I BOUGHT A KNITTING PATTERN AND SOME LOVELY SOFT WHITE WOOL AND KNITTED THE CUTEST LITTLE PUFFED-SLEEVE JUMPER IN A LONG CROCHET STITCH, TOGETHER WITH A MATCHING CARDIGAN SWEATER.

I HAD BEEN TAUGHT TO KNIT BY A DUTIFUL MOTHER WHO HAD CONSIDERED IT AN ESSENTIAL SKILL FOR A GIRL. I HAD ALWAYS DETESTED THE ABILITY WHICH I HAD BEEN OBLIGED TO ACQUIRE, BUT NOW IT WAS A USEFUL THING TO BE ABLE TO DO, FOR IT ENABLED ME TO FASHION A GIRLISH OUTFIT FOR MY HUSBAND.

AS I PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE PRETTY CREATION, I TRIED TO VISUALIZE HOW JIM WOULD LOOK IN IT, AND I THOUGHT OF THE DELICIOUS MOMENTS WHEN I WOULD INTRODUCE HIM TO HIS NEW GARMENTS.

THE FINAL PIECE OF PREPARATION WAS TO PURCHASE A STOUT STEEL LOCKER AND SUITABLE COMBINATION LOCK, TOGETHER WITH ORDERING SOME LEATHER WRIST AND ANKLE SHACKLES IN CASE JIM DECIDED TO BE AWKWARD.

JIM ARRIVED HOME ON A FRIDAY NIGHT. HIS FACE WAS A PICTURE OF CONSTERNATION AS I OPENED THE FRONT DOOR FOR HIM. MY SHORT HAIR STYLE WAS ACCENTUATED BY THE MEN'S TROUSERS, SHIRT, AND TIE WHICH I WAS WEARING — PLUS THE FACT THAT I HAD DISCARDED MY BRASSIERE AND FALSIES AND WAS REVELLING IN MY NEW FREEDOM FROM THE PROBLEMS INVOLVED IN HAVING A BUST.

"HELLO, HONEY ... WHAT'S ALL THIS?" JIM INQUIRED. "WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THIS?"

"I'M DRESSING THIS WAY BECAUSE IT IS COMFORTABLE AND I FEEL NATURAL. I'M NOT CUT OUT TO BE A 'GIRLY' GIRL, DARLING. I HATED MY LONG HAIR AND HAVING TO SPEND HOURS AND HOURS DRESSING IT EVERY DAY. AND I HATED MY FALSIES, TRYING TO BE SOMETHING THAT I'M NOT JUST TO PLEASE YOU.. NO, ALL THAT IS FINISHED NOW AND OUR RELATIONSHIP IS GOING TO BE BASED ON A TRUER SENSE OF WHAT EACH OF US IS <u>REALLY</u> LIKE AT HEART."

JIM SAT DOWN IN STUNNED SILENCE AS I WENT ON.

"WE ARE GOING TO REVERSE OUR ROLES IN OUR LEISURE HOURS. I'VE ALREADY PROVED THAT YOUR LOVEMAKING INSTINCTS ARE ONLY REALLY AROUSED WHEN I PUT YOU IN A NIGHTIE, SO FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO I'M GOING TO TRAIN YOU FOR A GIRL'S ROLE <u>IN</u> AND <u>OUT</u> OF BED."

WHILE HE WAS UNPACKING HIS BAG, JIM DIGESTED THIS INFORMATION AND WAS VERY QUIET WHILE WE ATE THE MEAL I HAD PREPARED FOR US. IT WAS TOO LATE TO START HIS TRAINING THAT EVENING BUT IN THE MORNING, WE WOULD SEE!

WHEN WE WENT TO BED, HE FOUND HIS PRETTY NIGHTIE AND BRASSIERE ALL LAID OUT FOR HIM, AS USUAL.

"NOT THIS NONSENSE AGAIN, JANE," HE SAID ANGRILY. "GIVE ME BACK MY PAJAMAS!"

"GET THEM IF YOU CAN, SUE," I REPLIED LAUGHINGLY, STARTING TO PUT THEM ON MYSELF.

JIM DID WHAT I HAD HOPED HE WOULD DO, COMING AT ME WITH A RUSH, TRYING TO WREST THE PAJAMAS FROM MY HAND. WE STRUGGLED FURIOUSLY FOR A MINUTE OR TWO. I WAS LAUGHING AT HIM, TAUNTING HIM TO PROVE HIS MANHOOD BY A SHOW OF BRUTE PHYSICAL FORCE.

GRADUALLY, MY SUPERIOR STRENGTH BEGAN TO TELL ON HIM. GRIPPING HIM AROUND THE WAIST, I THREW HIM ONTO THE FLOOR, FACE DOWN, AND, KNEELING ON HIS BACK, PUSHED HIS FACE INTO THE CARPET. I MANAGED TO FORCE HIS ARMS, IN TURN, BEHIND HIS BACK AND SECURE HIS WRISTS TOGETHER WITH THE SHACKLES WHICH I'D PREPARED.

JIM WRITHED AND SOBBED FURIOUSLY AS HE REALIZED HOW HE HAD BEEN PINIONED, BUT HE

WAS NOW NEARLY HELPLESS, AND WHEN I HAD SECURED HIS ANKLES TOGETHER WITH MORE SHACKLES, HE CEASED STRUGGLING AND LAY EXHAUSTED ON THE FLOOR, SOBBING PATHETICALLY.

I STOOD UP AND PUT THE PAJAMAS ON BEFORE TURNING MY ATTENTION BACK TO HIM AGAIN.

"GET UP!" I ORDERED, YANKING HIM TO HIS FEET.

"WHY DO YOU DO THIS TO ME?" JIM INQUIRED. "WHY?" HE WAS COMPLETELY CRESTFALLEN. "DO YOU WANT TO TURN ME INTO A GIRL COMPLETELY?"

"WHAT A WONDERFUL IDEA THAT WOULD BE, DARLING!" I ENTHUSED. "BUT IT'S NOT VERY PRACTICAL, I FEAR. NO, SUE, IT'S JUST THAT FROM NOW ON WE ARE GOING TO REVERSE OUR ROLES IN OUR NON-WORKING HOURS, AS I SAID BEFORE. ... NOW, SIT HERE, PLEASE!"

I PUSHED JIM DOWN ON THE BED, AND ONCE AGAIN HE BEGAN SOBBING IN EMBARRASSMENT WHILE I EXAMINED HIS NAKED BODY CLOSELY.

"YOU NAUGHTY GIRL! YOUR LEGS ARE BEGINNING TO GET ALL HORRIBLE AND STUBBLY ONCE MORE. YOU MUST ATTEND TO THEM REGULARKY IN THE FUTURE, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

I FETCHED THE RAZOR AND BOWL AND AGAIN

I REDUCED HIS LEGS TO A FEMININE SOFTNESS. THEN I ORDERED HIM TO LIFT HIS ARMS AS HIGH AS THE SHACKLES WOULD PERMIT.

"OH, AREN'T WE A 'HAIRY MARY,' SUE!" I EXCLAIMED. "THAT UNDERARM MUST COME OFF, AS WELL."

IT WAS NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE, AND MY POOR HUSBAND GASPED AS HE SAW HIS NEWLY CLEAN-SHAVEN ARMPITS IN THE MIRROR.

"AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF HAIR, SUE, YOUR EYEBROWS ARE FAR TOO STRAGGLY FOR A GIRL. I'M GOING TO TIDY THEM UP A LITTLE BIT."

"NO ... NO!" HE MOANED AS I ADVANCED ON HIM WITH THE TWEEZERS. I PUSHED HIM BACK ON THE BED, BUT HE TRIED TO EVADE WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM BY JERKING HIS HEAD FROMSIDE TO SIDE.

"STOP IT! STOP IT!" HE CRIED. "I WILL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE OFFICE."

"NO, YOU WON'T, SUE, I PROMISE YOU," I REPLIED. "I'M ONLY GOING TO TIDY YOUR BROWS UP A LITTLE, SO STOP WRIGGLING. ... THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'RE HELPLESS, YOU KNOW, AND I WON'T REMOVE THE CUFFS UNTIL I HAVE FINISHED, SO THE MORE YOU OBSTRUCT ME, THE LONGER IT WILL TAKE!"

"OH, HOW COULD YOU? HOW COULD YOU?" JIM MOANED, BUT HIS WRIGGLING STOPPED AND HE SUBMITTED MEEKLY TO MY MINISTRATIONS.

"OW! ... OW!" HE CRIED AS THE FIRST HAIR WAS PLUCKED.

DISREGARDING HIS PROTESTS, I WORKED STEADILY UNTIL HIS BROWS HAD BEEN SHAPED INTO TWO [illegible]EFUL ARCHES, NOT QUITE THIN ENOUGH TO PROVOKE ANY SNIDE COMMENTS WHEN I ALLOWED HIM TO APPEAR IN MALE CLOTHES.

WHEN I SHOWED HIM THE RESULTS IN THE MIRROR, JIM WEPT PITEOUSLY, BUT I HAD NOT FINISHED WITH HIM AS YET. FROM THE VANITY I PRODUCED A SMALL BOTTLE OF PERFUME WHICH HE HAD GIVEN ME WHEN WE HAD BEEN ENGAGED, AND DESPITE HIS PROTESTS I APPLIED IT LIBERALLY TO HIS NECK, WRISTS, AND CROTCH.

SOON A REDOLENT, ULTRAFEMININE ODOR WAS EMITTED FROM HIS BODY. AS HE WRITHER FURIOUSLY, THE SMELL ONLY BECAME MORE PRONOUNCED.

"NOW THEN," I SAID TO HIM. "DO YOU PROMISE TO PUT ON YOUR BRA AND NIGHTIE, SUE, IF I RELEASE YOUR WRISTS?"

HE NODDED DEUMBLY, AND I UNLOCKED THE CUFFS, KEEPING HIS ANKLES FETTERED AS A PRECAUTION. I TOSSED THE BRA TO HIM.

"PUT IT ON, THEN, GIRLY. YOU MUST LEARN HOW TO DO THIS BY YOURSELF. LEAN FORWARD, PUT YOUR ARMS IN THE SHOULDER STRAPS, AND FASTEN IT AT THE BACK," I COMMANDED.

HOW LUDICROUS HE LOOKED AS HE STRUGGLED TO FASTEN THE BRASSIERE, BUT EVENTUALLY THE DEED WAS DONE, AND I ORDERED HIM TO INSERT THE FALSIES IN THE CUPS OF THE BRA.

SOON HE WAS ONCE MORE EQUIPPED WITH HIS FULL, GIRLISH CHEST WITH FEMININE BREASTS PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED, AND I HANDED HIM THE PINK NIGHTIE AND ENJOYED THE SPECTACLE OF MY HUSBAND HAVING TO DON THE FRILLY GARMENT.

AS JIM LAY ON THE BED IN HIS PRETTY PINK OUTFIT, SMELLING LIKE A ROSE GARDEN, I HELD HIS EYES WITH MINE AND TENDERLY BENT DOWN TO KISS HIM FULL ON THE LIPS.

JIM BLUSHED FURIOUSLY, BUT MADE NO ATTEMPT TO EVADE ME, CASTING HIS EYES DOWNWARD IN SUBMISSION.

"THERE, SUSAN," I SAID. "AREN'T YOU HAPPY AGAIN, DARLING? MUST WE ALWAYS HAVE THIS STRUGGLE TO GET YOU DRESSED? I WANT YOU TO ADMIT TO ME THAT YOU LIKE IT ... ADMIT THAT YOU ARE A GIRL AT HEART ... AND LEAVE ME TO DECIDE WHAT IS BEST FOR YOU."

JIM HEAVED A GREAT SIGH AND A STRANGE

PEACE CAME OVER HIM. HE RETURNED MY KISS WITH A LIGHT AFFECTIONATE PRESSURE OF HIS ARMS ABOUT MY WAIST. AND THEN AS I FONDLED HIM, HIS DESIRES WERE KINDLED AND THE SOFT NYLON LACE AROUND HIS LOINS WERE THRUST AT ME IN AND UPSURGE OF EROTIC PASSION.

IN ECSTASY, I FELL UPON HIM, AND OUR TWO WEEKS OF ENFORCED ABSTINENCE BECAME FORGOTTEN IN FLAMING ORGASMS.

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THE VERY NEXT MORNING I STARTED TO TRAIN HIM SERIOUSLY FOR A GIRL'S ROLE. FIRST I MADE HIM SCENTED WARM BATH. HOW I SMILED TO MYSELF WHEN, AS HE PEELED OFF HIS BRASSIERE, I SAW THE MARKS LEFT BY THE SHOULDER AND BACK STRAP WHERE HE HAD HAD TO WEAR IT ALL NIGHT.

WHILE HE WAS BATHING, I SLIPPED BACK INTO THE BEDROOM AND PUT ALL OF HIS MALE ATTIRE IN THE STEEL CABINET AND SECURED THE DOOR WITH A COMBINATION LOCK.

THEN, TREMBLING WITH EXCITEMENT, I LAID OUT ALL HIS NEW CLOTHES CAREFULLY ON THE BED. A FRESH WHITE BRASSIERE, TRIMMED WITH LACE AND HAVING A CUTE PINK BOW NESTLING BETWEEN THE CUPS; A MATCHING PANTY-GIRDLE; THE CORSET; A SNOW-WHITE SLIP HEAVY WITH LACE AROUND THE HEMLINE; THE PUFF-SLEEVED JUMPER;

TIGHT BLUE SKIRT; AND STOCKINGS, ALL SLEEK IN THEIR NYLON GLORY.

ON THE DRESSER I CAREFULLY LAID OUT ALL THE LITTLE POTS AND JARS WHICH SO DELIGHT A GIRL, AND I PUT A FRILLY PINK MAKEUP CAPE NEXT TO THEM.

THE WIG I KEPT HIDDEN FOR THE MOMENT. A PAIR OF WHITE HIGH-HEELED PUMPS PLACED CONSPICUOUSLY ON THE FLOOR COMPLETED MY PREPARATIONS.

QUICKLY, I THREW ON MY SHIRT, SLACKS, AND COMFORTABLE LOAFERS AND REVELED IN THE WAY IT WAS POSSIBLE TO DRESS SO QUICKLY AND WITH SO LITTLE FUSS.

I WENT BACK INTO THE BATHROOM.

"RIGHT, SUSAN, OUT YOU GET, MY GIRL!" I CRIED. "WE'VE GOT A LOT TO DO!"

"OH ... ARE ... ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE ME DRESS AS A GIRL TODAY, JA- ... I MEAN, HOWARD?" JIM INQUIRED.

"YES, DARLING, FOR THE REST OF THIS WEEKEND YOU ARE GOING TO PLAY THE FEMININE ROLE AND I AM GOING TO DRESS YOU APPROPRIATELY. NOW, DRY YOURSELF, PUT THIS LOVELY TALC ALL OVER YOUR BODY, AND HURRY UP INTO THE BEDROOM."

IN A FEW MINUTES, JIM CAME WALKING THROUGH THE DOOR, STARK NAKED, BUT ALREADY SMELLING SWEETLY FROM THE SCENTED POWDER. HIS JAW DROPPED AS HE SURVEYED HIS NEW GARMENTS.

"I ... I'VE GOT TO WEAR ALL THOSE AWFUL THINGS?" HE INQUIRED INCREDULOUSLY.

MY ANSWER WAS TO HAND HIM HIS BRASSIERE.

"GO ON, GIRLY, GET IT ON. I WANT TO SEE MY WIFE'S LOVELY BREASTS," I REPLIED.

WHEN HE HAD SUCCEEDED IN FASTENING THE BRASSIERE AND INSERTING HIS ERSATZ MOUNDS IN EACH CUP, I MADE HIM PUT HIS PANTY-GIRDLE ON, ENSURING THAT HIS TRUE SEX WAS EFFECTIVELY CONCEALED.

I COULDN'T RESIST SPINNING HIM AROUND AND PULLING HIM BACK TOWARDS ME, WHILE MY HANDS ROVED ABOUT AND OVER HIS TAUT BRASSIERE.

JIM MADE NO MOVE TO RESIST ME, AND I KNEW HE WAS SECRETLY AS EXCITED AS I WAS AT THE TRANSFORMATION. THEN, REACHING FOR THE CORSET, I UNDID THE FRONT HOOKS AND SLIPPED THE GARMENT AROUND MY HUSBAND'S SOFT WHITE BODY, REFASTENING IT AT THE FRONT. THEN I SET ABOUT TO PULL IT IN AT THE BACK LACES.

GRADUALLY, I WORKED IT TIGHTER AND TIGHTER, REMORSELESSLY PULLING THE BACK EDGES TO MEET EACH OTHER. NARROWER AND NARROWER HIS WAIST BECAME WHILE HE WRIGGLED AND SQUIRMED IN GROWING DISCOMFORT.

"OW ... OW! ... PLEASE! ... NO! ... NO TIGHTER, DARLING! IT'S HURTING ME SO!" JIM SQUEALED.

"POOR SUSAN! NOW YOU ARE GOING TO FIND OUT AT FIRST HAND JUST WHAT GIRLS ARE EXPECTED TO PUT UP WITH TO PLEASE MEN. NO, DARLING, THAT WAIST IS GOING TO BE A TRIM TWENTY-FOUR INCHES. YOU'LL SOON ENOUGH GET USED TO IT."

WITH THAT, I BROUGHT MY KNEE UP INTO THE SMALL OF HIS BACK AND GAVE ANOTHER DETERMINED HEAVE ON THE LACES UNTIL, WITH A FINAL YELP FROM MY HUSBAND, THE CORSET MET ALL THE WAY DOWN HIS BACK.

I STOOD BACK TO ADMIRE THE MAGNIFICENT EFFECT IT HAD ACHIEVED. HE REALLY WAS "GIRL" ALL THE WAY. NOT ONLY HAD THE CORSET MOLDED HIS WAIST TO SIZE, BUT THE SPARE FLESH MUST HAVE BEEN ALSO SQUEEZED UPWARD TO ENHANCE THE FALSE BOSOMS HE ALREADY WORE AND TO GIVE HIS BOTTOM A FULLER, MORE FEMININE APPEARANCE.

"NOW THEN, SUSAN. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN PUT YOUR STOCKINGS ON BY YOURSELF, DEAR?"

SILENTLY, JIM TOOK THE DELICATE THINGS AND CAREFULLY SEATING HIMSELF ON THE BED, HE ATTEMPTED TO ROLL THE FIRST NYLON UP HIS HAIRLESS.

"OH, THIS WRETCHED CORSET! I CAN'T EVEN BEND IN THE THING!" JIM COMPLAINED.

"YOU'LL SURVIVE, HONEY ... GO ON, GIRL ... BEND! TRY HARDER ... THAT'S IT!" I SAID.

GRADUALLY, JIM MANAGED TO WORK HIS STOCKINGS UP HIS LEGS AND SECURED THEM TO THE FRILLY SUSPENDERS DANGLING FROM THE CORSET. THEN I MADE HIM STEP INTO THE PUMPS, ADMIRING THE GORGEOUS SHAPE HIS LEGS TOOK ON AS HE WAS OBLIGED TO STAND ON HIS HIGH HEELS.

NEXT, I INSTRUCTED HIM HOW TO PUT THE SLIP ON, AND WHEN THE GARMENT HAD SLITHERED INTO PLACE, CLINGING TO HIS SUPERB FIGURE, I WAS FLABBERGASTED AT THIS GORGEOUS CREATURE WHOM I HAD SUCCEEDED IN CREATING.

"LOOK IN THE MIRROR, SUE," I SAID IN A LOW VOICE, LEADING HIM ACROSS THE ROOM. "YOU MUST ADMIT YOU LOOK FABULOUS!"

"OH ... OH! ... IT CAN'T ... IT CAN'T BE ME?" HE SAID, PASSING A HAND TO HIS HEAD. "OH, DARLING, WHAT <u>HAVE</u> YOU DONE TO ME ... I FEEL SO ... STRANGE ... AND DIFFERENT! WHAT IS HAPPENING!"

I SPUN HIM AROUND TO FACE ME, PULLED HIM TO ME, AND KISSED HIM HARD AND LONG ON THE KISSER, RELISHING THE FEEL OF HIS LARGE FEMININE BREASTS TRAPPED AGAINST MY SHIRT. THE SLEEK CURVY LINE OF HIS BODY PRESSED AGAINST MINE, AND THE JOY OF FONDLING HIS SOFT ROUNDED BOTTOM WAS MINE.

"OH, I MUST BE DREAMING!" JIM MURMURED. "WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?"

I LEFT HIS QUESTION UNANSWERED. INSTEAD, I LED HIM OVER TO THE DRESSING TABLE, SAT HIM DOWN ON THE VANITY BENCH, AND PUT THE FRILLY PINK MAKEUP CAPE OVER HIS SHOULDERS.

JIM MUST HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THIS AND MADE NO MOVE TO RESIST ME.

"FIRST OF ALL, SUSAN, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU SOME ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS. LONG NAILS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DIFFERENT WAY IN WHICH GIRLS USE THEIR HANDS. YOU SEE, THEY STOP YOU FROM PICKING THINGS UP WITH YOUR FINGERTIPS AS A MAN DOES."

FROM A PACKET I EXTRACTED TEN SYNTHETIC LONG FINGERNAILS TOGETHER WITH A SMALL TUBE OF ADHESIVE.

JIM'S NATURALLY SMALL HANDS WERE A BLESSING, BECAUSE THE NAILS LOOKED TO BE A MARVELOUS, NATURAL FIT. IT TOOK ME A LITTLE

TIME TO DEAL WITH EACH FINGER IN TURN, BUT SOON MY HUSBAND HAD BEEN GIVEN THE MOST FEMININE LOOKING HANDS. A PINK NAIL VARNISH FOLLOWED, AND, FOR GOOD MEASURE, I PAINTED HIS TOENAILS TO MATCH.

"NOW FOR YOUR FACE, SUSAN," I SAID. "LIFT IT UP, PLEASE!"

OBEDIENTLY HE TILTED HIS FACE UP TO ME AND I WENT TO WORK. WHAT FUN IT WAS SUBJECTING HIM TO ALL THE FEMININE TRICKS WHICH I HAD BEEN EXPECTED TO ENJOY DOING AS A GIRL. EYELINER. MASCARA. EYE-SHADOW TO EMPHASIZE HIS EYES.

"WAIT A MINUTE!" I COMMANDED. "JUST FLUTTER THOSE LOVELY LASHES NOW, SUSAN."

THE EFFORT WAS SUPERB, AND I TURNED TO PUTTING A FOUNDATION CREAM OVER HIS FACE. WHEN IT HAD BEEN WELL MASSAGED INTO HIS SKIN, I DIPPED A FLUFFY PUFF INTO THE POWDER CASKET AND TRANSFORMED HIS COMPLEXION INTO A FABULOUS "PEACHES AND CREAM" EFFECT.

FINALLY, I REACHED FOR A LIPSTICK IN A SHADE TO MATCH HIS NAILS, AND, WITH GREAT RELISH, I GAVE MY HUSBAND A DELICIOUS "CUPID'S BOW" LIPS EFFECT IN A DELICATE SHADE OF PINK.

"BITE ON THIS TISSUE, SUSAN DARLING," I ORDERED WHEN I HAD FINISHED, AND WHEN HE

SAW THE PINK OUTLINE OF HIS OWN PRETTY LIPS OUTLINED ON THE TISSUE, JIM LOOKED AS IF HE WOULD FAINT. (I HAD PURPOSELY FACED HIM AWAY FROM THE MIRROR AT THIS STAGE OF THE PROVEEDINGS, SO THAT HE WAS QUITE UNABLE TO SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO HIM.)

NOW FOR THE FINAL ITEM.

"CLOSE YOUR EYES, DARLING," I TOLD HIM.

OBEDIENTLY HE COMPLIED.

I TIPTOED OVER TO THE CUPBOARD AND TOOK THE LOVELY BLONDE WIG, MADE FROM MY OWN HAIR, OFF THE WIG STAND. STANDING BEHIND HIM, I WORKED IT OVER HIS HEAD, ARRANGING THE LOVELY CURLS SO THAT THEY BRUSHED HIS EARS AND THE NAPE OF HIS NECK.

NOW HE WOULD FIND OUT FIRST-HAND THE PROBLEMS OF A WOMAN IN KEEPING A LOVELY HEAD OF HAIR ATTRACTIVELY STYLED.

"OKAY, SUE, OPEN YOUR EYES! REMEMBER THE LONG HAIR YOU MADE ME GROW TO LOOK FEMININE? WELL, THERE IT IS, DARLING, ALL YOURS! WE'LL SEE HOW YOU LIKE CURLING IT AND SETTING IT EVERY FEW DAYS."

IN STUNNED SILENCE, JIM TOOK IN THE VISION REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR. IN DISBELIEF,

JIM RAISED A SLIM PINK-TIPPED HAND TO PAT HIS CURLS IN A TYPICALLY FEMININE GESTURE. HE SHOOK HIS HEAD WONDERINGLY AS HE FELT THEIR SPRINGY FULLNESS.

"NOW ... TURN SIDEWAYS TO ME, SUSAN!" I COMMANDED.

I SELECTED A GOLD PENDANT EARRING FROM MY JEWELRY BOX AND SECURED IT FIRMLY TO THE LOBE OF HIS LEFT EAR.

"OW! ... THAT HURTS!" JIM CRIED OUT, TURNING HIS HEAD AWAY, CAUSING THE TRINKET TO SWING VIGOROUSLY FROM HIS EAR.

"DON'T YOU DARE TO REMOVE IT, DARLING," I WARNED OMINOUSLY. "COME NOW, LET ME FIT THE OTHER ONE TO YOUR OTHER EAR."

WITH A GROAN, JIM PRESENTED HIS RIGHT EAR TO ME, AND IN A TRICE IT WAS SIMILARLY ADORNED.

"SO FEMININE, DON'T YOU THINK?" I INQUIRED. "YOU'LL SOON GET USED TO THE FEEL OF THEM ATTACHED TO YOUR EARS. ... OKAY, NOW YOU CAN STAND UP."

UNSTEADILY, THE SLENDER, ATTRACTIVE GIRL WHO WAS MY HUSBAND GOT TO HIS FEET. I PICKED HIS NEW SKIRT FROM THE BED AND HANDED IT TO HIM.

"RIGHT, SUSAN, THIS IS YOUR NEW SKIRT. YOU WILL NO DOUBT FIND IT QUITE IRKSOME AND RESTRICTIVE AFTER THE FREEDOM OF YOUR TROUSERS, FOR I'VE CHOSEN IT CAREFULLY SO THAT NOT ONLY WILL IT SET YOUR LOVELY FIGURE OFF PROPERLY, BUT ALSO BECAUSE ITS VERY NARROW BELOW THE KNEES TO ENSURE THAT YOU TAKE SHORT, GIRLISH STEPS. SO REMEMBER, DON'T TRY AND FIGHT IT.

"WALK THE WAY YOUR SKIRT DICTATES AND YOU WILL SOON GET USED TO IT. YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF MOVING WITH A DELICIOUS WIGGLE THAT WILL GIVE NO END OF PLEASURE. HERE ... PUT IT ON. THE ZIPPER GOES TO THE BACK, BY THE WAY."

SLOWLY, RELUCTANTLY, JIM TOOK HIS NEW FEMININE SYMBOL FROM ME. HE UNZIPPED IT AND STEPPED INTO IT. I FELT A THRILL OF TRIUMPH AT THE SYMBOLISM OF THE MOMENT WHEN HE WILLINGLY INSERTED HIS LEGS INTO A WOMAN'S SKIRT.

AT THAT MOMENT HE TRULY RENOUNCED, AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED, HIS MASCULINE ROLE AND WITH IT HIS RIGHT TO WEAR TROUSERS.

WHEN THE SKIRT WAS FINALLY FASTENED, HE TRIED A FEW STEPS AND FOUND OUT JUST HOW DIFFERENT HIS GAIT WOULD HAVE TO BE IN THE FUTURE. WHEN I PUT THE LITTLE PUFFED-SLEEVE JUMPER ON HIM, THE EFFECT WAS ABSOLUTELY PERFECT. THE BARE ARMS EMERGING FROM THE CUTE FEMININE SLEEVES WERE ENTIRELY IN KEEPING WITH THE REST OF HIS SLENDER BODY.

I PUT A NECKLACE AND BRACELET ON HIM, THEN DREW HIM INTO MY ARMS AND HUGGED THE LOVELY GIRL WHO HAD ONCE BEEN MY HUSBAND.

ECSTATICALLY, HE WIGGLED AGAINST ME. "OH, LOVE ME, DARLING. LOVE ME ALWAYS," HE PLEADED, TURNING HIS LOVELY FACE SEARCHINGLY TO MINE. "I PROMISE TO BE A GOOD GIRL FOR ALWAYS ... BUT NEVER STOP LOVING ME. NEVER EVER!"

"SILLY SUE, I SHALL ALWAYS LOVE YOU. YOU MUST KNOW THAT," I WHISPERED, GRIPPING HIM TIGHTLY IN MY ARMS. "I LOVED YOU EVEN WHEN YOU WERE MASQUERADING AS A MAN, SO THINK HOW MUCH YOU MEAN TO ME NOW. HERE, DRY YOUR EYES ON THIS TISSUE BEFORE YOUR MAKEUPS IS RUINED, AND WE'LL GO DOWN TO BREAKFAST."

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SO BEGAN MY HUSBAND'S LIFE AS SUSAN. FROM THE VERY FIRST, I INSISTED ON A COMPLETE REVERSAL OF OUR ROLES. HE WAS REQUIRED TO TAKE OVER ALL THE HOUSEHOLD CHORES, WHILE I ENJOYED MYSELF WITH THE HEAVIER OUTDOOR JOBS IN THE GARDEN AND WORKING ON THE MOTORCAR.

I HAD PURCHASED A PAIR OF SMART MAN'S OVERALLS TO WEAR FOR DIRTY WORK IN THE GARDEN AND IT GAVE ME GREAT DELIGHT TO DON THESE OVER MY SLACKS AND SHIRT AND THEN TO PUT SUSAN INTO A PRETTY WHITE PINAFORE WITH A SQUARE-

CUT NECKLINE. THE PINNIE WAS SECURED AT THE BACK BY TWO WIDE PIECES OF MATERIAL THAT I ENJOYED TYING INTO A MOST ATTRACTIVE BOW.

POOR SUSAN! CLAD IN HIS ATTRACTIVE OUTFIT, HOBBLED IN HIS CORSET, TIGHT SKIRT, AND HIGH HEELS, HE HAD TO TAKE OVER ALL THE JOBS WHICH SOCIETY HAS DEEMED TO BE WOMEN'S WORK — COOKING, LAUNDRY, IRONING, MAKING BEDS, WASHING UP ... ALL THESE THINGS WERE IN HIS PROVINCE.

I SHOWED HIM WHAT TO DO ONCE OR TWICE, BUT THEN HE WAS ON HIS OWN. I INSISTED HE SHOULD LEARN HOW TO KNIT AND SEW, AND IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE HE WAS ABLE TO UNDERTAKE ROUTINE REPAIRS TO GARMENTS AS WELL AS TO BEGIN KNITTING A SCARF, MITTENS, AND HAT IN A BEAUTIFUL PINK WOOL FOR THE WINTER.

WHAT FUN IT WAS! I COULD LOOK UP FROM MOWING THE LAWN TO LOOK UP AT THE PRETTY GIRL WHO WAS ONCE MY HUSBAND STANDING IN HIS PINAFORE AT THE SINK PREPARING THE LUNCH. HIS LOVELY ROUNDED BUST LOOKED GORGEOUS IN THE BODICE OF THE PINNIE, AND HIS GOLDEN CURLS BRUSHED AROUND HIS FACE AND NECK WHENEVER HE MOVED HIS HEAD.

OUR LITTLE COTTAGE WAS QUITE ISOLATED, AND THERE WAS NO RISK OF ANY NEIGHBORS SEEING US AT PLAY.

IF THE WEATHER WAS FINE, I ALLOWED SUSAN OUT IN THE GARDEN TO DO A LITTLE LIGHT WORK IN THE FLOWER BED. HE ALWAYS HAD TO WEAR A HEADSCARF FOR THIS ACTIVITY, AND HIS SOFT HANDS WERE PROTECTED BY GARDEN GLOVES.

IF THE WEATHER WAS CHILLY, I MADE HIM WEAR A CLASSIC POLO NECK SWEATER IN YELLOW WHICH DID WONDERS FOR HIS BUST AND MADE IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO KEEP MY HANDS OFF HIS FEMINIZED BODY.

ONE WARM SUNNY AFTERNOON I FOUND HIM KNEELING IN A SECLUDED CORNER TENDING ROSES. I COULDN'T RESIST THE EMOTIONS HE AROUSED IN MY BREAST.

STEALING UP BEHIND HIM, I SUDDENLY PUT MY HAND ROUND BEHIND HIM, CUPPING THE FULL BREASTS WHICH JUTTED SO PROVOCATIVELY THROUGH THE THIN BLOUSE.

SPINNING HIM AROUND, I PULLED HIM TO ME TIGHTLY SO THAT EVERY INCH OF OUR BODIES WAS MELDED TOGETHER. MY MOUTH SOUGHT HIS READY LIPS, AND WE KISSED PASSIONATELY AND LONG.

MY HAND CREPT TOWARD MY HUSBAND'S SKIRT FASTENING AND GENTLY UNDID THE ZIPPER, WORKING THE GARMENT OVER HIS PLUMP HIPS UNTIL IT FELL IN A HEAP AROUND HIS ANKLES.

"OH, NO!" HE MOANED IN A VOICE THAT CLEARLY MEANT, "OH, YES!" AS I BEGAN WORKING HIS FRILLY PINK SLIP UP AROUND HIS THIGHS. PULLING HIM TO THE GROUND, I WRENCHED HIS GIRDLE DOWN OVER HIS SLENDER LEGS AND FELL UPON HIM PASSIONATELY.

STRANGELY, JIM WAS READY FOR ME AND I TOOK HIM THEN AND THERE, LYING ON THE GRASS AND SOBBING OUR LOVE FOR EACH OTHER IN ECSTASY.

TO MY SURPRISE, JIM PROVED TO BE EVEN MORE ARDENT A LOVER THAN USUAL. AFTER TWO OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL ORGASMS WE HAD EVER SHARED TOGETHER, HIS MALE SYMBOL, PEEPING OUT FROM A FROTH OF LACY SLIP, WAS AS TURGID AS EVER IT COULD BE.

CLEARLY, SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE, SO I DID IT.

JIM'S PRETTILY MADE-UP FACE TOOK ON A LOOK OF ASTONISHMENT AS I LEANED OVER HIS NETHER PARTS, PULLED THE LACY PETTICOAT AWAY FROM MY TARGET AND TOOK THE STALWART ORGAN BETWEEN MY LIPS.

RUNNING MY TONGUE BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE EMPURPLED KNOB, I EASED MY LIPS ALL THE WAY DOWN THE LENGTH OF HIS SHAFT, THEN BACK TO ITS TIPS, THEN REPEATED THE CYCLE TIME AND TIME AGAIN, ELICITING MOANS OF PURE PLEASURE FROM MY FEMINIZED HUSBAND.

JIM WRITHED IN PURE LUSTFUL FRENZY AS I LAVISHED MY ORAL MINISTRATIONS ON HIS FIERCELY TURGID MALE SYMBOL. HIS PRETTIFIED HANDS WERE CLUTCHING AT THE LACY HEM OF HIS FRILLY SLIP, SWISHING IT FROM SIDE TO SIDE ACROSS HIS SHAVEN-SMOOTH BELLY (I HAD MADE SURE THAT NO UNSIGHTLY PUBIC HAIR WAS LEFT) AS HE SQUIRMED AGAINST THE SOFT VERDANT LAWN OF OUR BACKYARD.

NOW I STARTED TO NIBBLE GENTLY ON HIS MANFLESH — NOT ENOUGH TO HURT HIM OR LEAVE MARKS BUT JUST HARD ENOUGH TO ADD SPICE TO WHAT I WAS DOING TO HIM.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I WAS TREATED TO THE TASTE OF SEMEN AS, AT LAST, MY BELOVED HUSBAND CAME TO GUSHING ORGASM FOR THE THIRD TIME THAT AFTERNOON.

I FOUND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT I WOULD GET SUCH JOY FROM GIVING THIS KIND OF ORAL PLEASURE TO SOMEONE ELSE, EVEN SOMEONE I LOVED AS MUCH AS I LOVED MY FEMINIZED HUSBAND.

PART OF MY DELIGHT WAS THE PERFECTLY ILLOGICAL NOTION THAT I MIGHT BE DRAINING A DRAUGHT OF MASCULINITY FROM SOMEONE SO UNSUITED FOR THE MALE ROLE IN LIFE. AND, AT THE SAME TIME, I MIGHT BE DERIVING A BIT OF MASCULINITY, THROUGH INGESTION, FROM HIM TO

FOR MY OWN USE IN ASSUMING THE DOMINANT AND (EVEN) MASCULINE ROLE IN OUR MARRIAGE.

IT MAY HAVE BEEN ILLOGICAL TO THINK THAT WAY, BUT SYMBOLICALLY, IT MADE A LOT OF SENSE AT THE TIME.

CERTAINLY, JIM DID NOT SEEM TO MIND GIVING UP HIS SEED IN THIS FASHION. HE MOANED AND CRIED OUT IN TOTAL LUST AS HE CLUTCHED MY HEAD TO HIS GROIN WITH A STRENGTH, BORN OF PASSION, WHICH I DID NOT KNOW HE POSSESSED.

AS I SWALLOWED GREEDILY, I FOUND MYSELF MARVELING AT THE VOLUME OF SEED HE WAS EMITTING. IT WAS AS IF YEARS OF PENT-UP EMOTION WERE POURING FROM HIM.

BUT I KNEW HE WOULD NOT MISS WHAT HE WAS GIVING TO ME, EVEN WERE IT TO BE HIS MASCULINITY. I HAD PLANS FOR HIM, AND I WOULD FIND WELCOME ANY FURTHER LESSENING OF HIS MALE IMPULSES.

FINALLY, JIM'S ORGASM WAS FINISHED AND I HAD DRAINED HIM COMPLETELY. HE LAY BACK ON THE FINE GRASS IN BLISSFUL SATIATION AND SIGHED.

"OOOH, THAT WAS LOVELY!" HE MURMURED. "SIMPLY HEAVENLY!"

"I'M GLAD YOU ENJOYED IT," I SAID, AS

CAREFULLY WIPED MY LIPS AND CHIN. I WAS GLAD THAT I HAD NOT BOTHERED TO PUT ON MY HATED MAKEUP THAT MORNING, SO THAT I WOULD NOT HAVE TO REDO IT.

"NOBODY HAS EVER THRILLED ME LIKE THAT IN MY WHOLE LIFE," MY HUSBAND BREATHED. "I FEEL INCREDIBLY GRATEFUL TO YOU. HOW CAN I EVER SHOW MY GRATITUDE?"

"OH, I KNOW ONE WAY," I SAID, AN IDEA FORMING IN MY HEAD.

"WHAT'S THAT?" JIM INQUIRED ANXIOUSLY, COMPLIANCE PROMISED BY THE LOOK IN HIS PRETTILY MADE-UP EYES.

"WELL, FOR ONE THING, YOU CAN RECIPROCATE IN KIND," I SAID, GIVING HIM A VERY MEANINGFUL SMILE.

"BUT HOW?" HE PROTESTED. "AFTER ALL, YOU DON'T HAVE A ....."

THEN A LIGHT DAWNED AND HE SEEMED A LITTLE STARTLED AT THE IDEA THAT HE SHOULD RETURN THE FAVOR I BESTOWED ON HIM IN ONLY A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT MANNER.

"YOU MEAN ...?" HE INQUIRED.

"EXACTLY!" I REPLIED. "LOTS OF VERY NICE, PRETTY GIRLS LIKE YOU DO IT."

THAT MAY HAVE BEEN A SLIGHT EXAGGERATION IN THE LATE NINETEEN-FIFTIES, SINCE CUNNILINGUS HAD NOT YET BECOME THE HOUSEHOLD WORD AND PRACTICE THAT IT IS TODAY.

IN FACT, AS MUCH AS I HAD WISTFULLY DESIRED IT IN MY PREMARITAL DAYS, NOBODY — MALE OR FEMALE — HAD EVER SUGGESTED SUCH A MARVELOUS THING TO ME, ALTHOUGH I HAD EXPERIENCED IT VICARIOUSLY WHILE READING VARIOUS SALACIOUSLY DELICIOUS NOVELS IN MY YOUTH.

MY HUSBAND BLUSHED AND STAMMERED AND SHOOK HIS PRETTY CURLS IN ASSENT, AND I KISSED HIM FULL ON THE LIPS IN GRATITUDE. HE MUST HAVE KNOWN THAT ON MY LIPS REMAINED FAINT TRACES OF HIS OWN SEMEN, BUT THAT DID NOT SEEM TO MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE IN HIS LOVING ACCEPTANCE OF MY KISSES.

JIM KNEELED ON THE LAWN AS I BEGAN TO PREPARED MYSELF BY UNBUCKLING THE STRAPS OF MY OVERALLS AND LOOSENING THE BELT TO MY SLACKS UNDERNEARTH. I HAD A PAIR OF PLAIN PANTIES ON UNDERNEATH (ALTHOUGH I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED A PAIR OF JOCKEY SHORTS OR BOXER TRUNKS), AND JIM EAGERLY STRIPPED THESE FROM MY LOINS.

WHEN I WAS NUDE FROM THE WAIST DOWN, PREFERRING TO KEEP MY WORKSHIRT ON, MY FEMI-

NIZED HUSBAND PULLED ME DOWN BESIDE HIM ON THE SOFT GRASS. HE LOOKED SO CUTE IN HIS FRILLY PINAFORE THAT I FELT LIKE WEEPING WITH PLEASURE.

EAGERLY, I SPREAD MY KNEES APART AS I LAY BACK, AND I COULD FEEL THE SOFT TOUCH OF HIS BLONDE WIG AS HE BENT TO HIS DELIGHTFUL TASK.

SOON I FELT EVEN MORE JOYOUS SENSATIONS, FOR NOW HIS PINK-LIPSTICKED MOUTH WAS PRESSED ARDENTLY AGAINST THE LIPS OF MY VULVA, KISSING AND SUCKING UNTIL I THOUGHT I WOULD GO OUT OF MY MIND.

"MY GOD!" I CRIED OUT IN ECSTASY. "HOW WONDERFUL YOU ARE!"

NOW HIS LONG PINK TONGUE DELVED INTO MY NOW AMPLY LUBRICATED CLEFT. DEEPER AND DEEPER IT WENT, AND I CLUTCHED MY THIGHS TOGETHER TO HOLD HIS HEAD IN THAT DELIGHTFUL PLACE WHILE HE REAMED OUT MY VAGINA WITH HIS LONG, HARD, FLICKERING TONGUE.

JIM WAS SO EXPERT AT WHAT HE WAS DOING TO ME THAT I BEGAN TO WONDER HOW MUCH EXPERIENCE OF THIS KIND HE HAD HAD BEFORE. I DOUBTED THAT HE COULD HAVE HAD ANY, SINCE HE WAS SO VERY ASEXUAL AT THE TIME OF OUR MARRIAGE.

I FELT AS THOUGH A LONG FLEXIBLE PENISE WERE PLUMBING THE DEPTHS OF MY VAGINA. BUT AN INCREDIBLY VERSATILE ONE, FOR IT WOULD MAKE SUDDEN FLICKERING MOTIONS AGAINST MY SOFT TISSUES THEN WITHDRAW FAR ENOUGH TO WRAP ITSELF AROUND THE TINY NUB OF MY CLITORIS.

I COULD FEEL THE CLITORIS HARDENING AND ENLARGING NOW, VERY MUCH LIKE A MINIATURE PENIS. MY FEMINIZED HUSBAND, WHO NOW WAS WORKING AWAY LIKE A MALE LESBIAN, SENSED THE EXCITEMENT OF THE LITTLE CLITTY AND BEGAN ASSAULTING IT IN EARNEST.

HIS PEARLY WHITE TEETH BEGAN NIBBLING AWAY AT THE NOW FRENZIEDLY ERECT CLITORIS, AND I WAS GOING OUT OF MY MIND WITH ECSTASY. HIS LIPS AND TONGUE JOINED IN THE ASSAULT AND I WRITHED AND CRIED OUT AS MY HANDS CLUTCHED HIS BEWIGGED HEAD AND PRESSED IT CLOSER INTO MY FERMY NEST.

I WAS INCREDIBLY GRATEFUL TO MY PRETTY HUBBY AS HE BROUGHT ME TO A SEARING CLIMAX TIME AND TIME AGAIN. FINALLY, I COULD BEAR NO FURTHER ASSAULT ON MY SENSES.

"ENOUGH! ... ENOUGH!" I CRIED OUT IN SHEER EXHAUSTION. "I WILL GO MAD WITH JOY IF YOU CONTINUE TO TORMENT ME SO DELIGHTFULLY. THERE WON'T BE A THRILL LEFT IN MY BODY!"

HOWEVER INCREDIBLY DELIGHTED I WAS AND HOWEVER GRATEFUL I FELT TOWARD MY PETTICOATED AND PANTIED HUSBAND, I KNEW IN MY HEART THAT I WOULD NEVER RELEASE HIM FROM THE FEMINIZATION I WAS ENFORCING ON HIM.

NOR WOULD HE HAVE APPRECIATED IT IF I HAD RELEASED HIM, FOR HE TOO KNEW THE DRAMATIC EFFECT OUR SEX ROLE SWITCH (INCOMPLETE AS IT STILL WAS) HAD HAD ON OUR SEXUAL LIFE.

WITH A MOAN, JIM ROSE FROM HIS POSITION, PICKED UP HIS GIRDLE, AND STOOD THERE EXTENDING HIS HAND TO HELP ME UP.

"SUSAN!" I SAID TO HIM. "YOUR FACE IS A DISGRACE! GO INSIDE IMMEDIATELY AND REPAIR YOUR MAKEUP."

"YES, JA— ... I MEAN, HOWARD," HE SAID SHEEPISHLY.

"AND I WANT YOU TO PUT YOUR PRETTY GIRDLE BACK ON AS SOON AS YOU MAKE YOURSELF PROPERLY DAINTY IN YOUR NETHER AREAS," SAID I WITH AS MUCH COMMAND AS I COULD MUSTER IN MY WEAKENED CONDITION.

"YES, HOWARD DEAR," HE REPLIED WITH A CURTSEY.

I KNEW NOW THAT MY VICTORY WAS NEAR

COMPLETION, AS THE FIRST BIG HURDLE HAD BEEN CONQUERED — GETTING HIM TO ACCEPT THE ATTIRE WHICH SYMBOLISED HIS INNER FEMININITY AND HIS PASSIVE ROLE IN OUR MARRIAGE.

THERE MIGHT BE SIGNS OF REBELLION IN THE FUTURE, BUT I HAD NO DOUBT THAT I COULD HANDLE WHATEVER CRISIS WOULD COME UP. ONCE JIM REALIZED THAT LIFE AS SUSAN WAS MORE FULFILLING AND MORE FUN THAN LIFE AS JIM, HE WOULD ACCEDE TO WHATEVER WHIM I MIGHT HAVE, HOWEVER BIZARRE OR EMASCULATING.

I DID NOT VIEW MY ASSAULT ON HIS MALENESS AS PART OF ANY WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES OR EVEN AS A PLOY AIMED AT SOME WOMEN'S LIBERATION GOAL, ALTHOUGH IT MAY TURN OUT THAT WAY.

WHAT I KNEW WAS THAT IN MY SOFT-SPOKEN, SHY, SUBMISSIVE HUSBAND WAS A STRONG ELEMENT OF FEMININITY WHICH HAD ALWAYS BEEN A SOURCE OF PAIN FOR HIM AND WHICH HAD MANIFESTED ITSELF IN HIS IMPOTENCY DURING OUR HONEYMOON AS WELL AS GENERAL INEFFECTUALITY AS A MAN.

IN TURNING A SOURCE OF PAIN INTO A SOURCE OF PRIDE AND JOY, BY DRESSING HIM UP IN FEMININE CLOTHES AND TREATING HIM AS MY LOVELY WIFE SUSAN, I WAS DOING HIM A GREAT FAVOR, AS GREAT A FAVOR AS IT WAS POSSIBLE

FOR A WOMAN TO DO FOR HER MATE. I WAS HELPING HIM TO FIND HIMSELF AT LAST.

AT THE SAME TIME, I REALIZED THAT MY OWN MORE OR LESS SELFISH INTERESTS WERE BEING SERVED.

AFTER ALL, I WAS FULLY AWARE OF MY LIMITATIONS AS A FEMALE IN OUR SOCIAL STRUCTURE. I MADE A VERY UNATTRACTIVE GIRL, TO BE RUEFULLY FRANK ABOUT IT, AND I WAS QUITE AWARE THAT IT WAS MY STRONG ELEMENT OF MASCULINITY THAT WAS THE FORCE WHICH ATTRACTED JIM TO ME, AND WHICH ALLOWED ME TO ENJOY DRESSING HIM UP AS A GIRL.

NEITHER OF US HAD, UNTIL A FEW WEEKS PREVIOUSLY, BEEN CONSCIOUSLY AWARE OF THE PSYCHIC TRANSSEXUALISM WE HAD WITHIN US, FOR IT TOOK MY BOLD MOVE IN FEMINIZING JIM TO UNCOVER THESE FEELINGS IN THE BOTH OF US.

BUT NOW IT WAS PRETTY MUCH OUT IN THE OPEN, AND IT WAS UP TO ME TO ENSURE OUR MUTUAL VICTORY BY CATERING IN EVERY WAY TO HIS FEMININITY AND BY ENCOURAGING HIM TO CATER TO MY OWN MASCULINE SIDE.

I WOULD NOT REST IN MY ATTEMPTS TO FULFILL THIS FUNCTION UNTIL WE LIVED AND WORKED AND SPENT OUR LIVES FULL TIME IN OUR REVERSED SEXUAL ROLES. I KNEW THAT MUCH NEEDED TO BE DONE, AND I WAS PREPARED TO DO ANYTHING. ANYTHING!

HIS FANNY MOVING PERTLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE, MY HUSBAND SWISHED INTO THE BACK DOOR OF OUR HOUSE ON HIS MEDIUM HIGH-HEELS. I WAS OVERCOME WITH HAPPINESS AT FOLLOWING HIM INSIDE AND WATCHING HIM PREPARE OUR MIDDAY MEAL.

MY DEAR SUSAN SERVED OUR LUNCHEON SO NICELY THAT I PRAISED HIM HIGHLY. AND IT WAS DELICIOUS, TOO! WATERCRESS SANDWICHES AND CAVIAR, WITH A NICE CLEAR CHICKEN BROTH TO RESTORE OUR ENERGIES AFTER OUR WICKED BEHAVIOUR IN THE BACK YARD.

WHEN LUNCHEON WAS OVER AND SUSAN HAD REMOVED THE DISHES, I PULLED HIM DOWN ON MY KNEE AND CARESSED HER SLIM BODY THROUGH THE LAYERS OF DELICATE LACE AND SILK WHICH ENCASED IT.

"OH, SUSAN," I MURMURED, KISSING HIM IN THE SOFT PART OF THE NECK, A SENSITIVE SPOT I HAD DISCOVERED THERE. "YOU ARE SO DELIGHTFUL A LITTLE WIFE!"

"HOWARD! PLEASE!" SHE CRIED. "YOU'RE TICKLING ME. I MUST FINISH DOING THE DISHES!"

I LEANED BACK IN MY CHAIR WITH A SIGH OF PROFOUND PLEASURE. THINGS WERE GOING WELL!

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